4/6


Dawes pinxt
Orme Sculpt.
Frederic Will.m II. King of Prussia
Published March 31 1788 by I. Bew, 28 N.o 1 Bride Lane Fleet Street.

E. E.

No. 2721

Eliza McSwain.

Album 1832

To Eliza.

This little Book with its white page
Sets forth upon its pilgrimage
To greate full many a lovely hand
Like travlers to the Holy Land
As some young knight with his bright shield
Steps forward to the untried field
To win some emblem rich & rare
And bring it back emblazon'd fair
So may this little volum come
Bringing full many treasure home
The ties of gentleness to show
From heart where Love & Friendship glow
So may its owner on her way
Thro' life untried & varied ~~day~~
Return at eave with thoughts refin'd
Will worthy of thy gentle mind.

F

By a Friend

12 mo 4 1835

To a Friend

Oft as thine eye shall fondly trace
Each simple tone for thee I spend
When ~~e'er~~ the time where e'er the place
O! think of me
When pleasure sparkles in thine eye
When every scene is fair to see.
When swift the happy moments fly
O! think of me
Thy life thy bliss may god defend
But when thou by His just decree,
Dere want a fond a faithfull friend
Then think of me.

Eliza Nicholson

The Moon

Lo yonder rides the empress of night
Unveild she casts around her silver light
Trace not fair orb, thy slow magistic march
Resume again thy seat in yon blue arch.
E'en now, as weary of the tedious way
Thy head on ocean's bosom thou dost lay
In his blue waves thou ~~hid~~ st thy shining face
And gloomy darkness takes its vacant place.

Eliza P. Perkins

The Bachelor

To the world whose dread laugh he would tremble to hear
From whose scorn he would shrink with a cowardly fear
The old bachelor proudly and boldly will say
Single lives are the longest single lives are most gay.

To the ladies, with pride, he will always declare
That the links in love's chain are strife, trouble, and care;
That a wife is a torment, and he will have none,
But at pleasure will roam through the wide world Alone.

And let him pass on, in his sulky of state;
O say, who would envy that mortal his fate
To brave all the ills of life's tempest alone
Not a heart to respond the warm notes of his own.
His joys undivided no longer will please;
Yet the warm tide of his heart through inaction will freeze
His sorrows concealed, and unanswered his sighs,
The old bachelor curses his folly and dies
Pass on, then proud lone one pass on to thy fate
Thy sentence is sealed thy repentence too late
Like an arrow, which leaves not a trace on the wind
No mark, of thy pathway shall linger behind
Not a sweet voice shall murmur its sighs o'er thy tomb
Not a faire hand shall teach thy lone pillow to bloom
Not a kind tear shall water thy dark, lonely bed
By the living thou scorned; tis refused to the dead

Eliza P. Perkins

A sweet

The de

Where

Up fr

There c

That.

Bond

When

Or voil

Full on

May the

Arise l

Written in a church-yard.

A sweet and soothing influence breathes around
The dewellings of the dead. Here on this spot,
Where countless generations sleep forgot
Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound,
There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
That bids me be contented with my lot,
And suffer calmly. O! when passions hot,
When rage or envy doth my bosom wound;
Or wild designes a fair deceiving train—
Full on my naked head,—O, then, again
May these still, peaceful accents of the grave,
Arise like slumbering music on my soul.

A. H. S.

"This wilderness of stainless white,
Like beauty's guileless heart, unknown,
Must be a place of varied light,
Where thought shall build his throne.

The flatterer's breath shall taint its snow,
While many a heart of truth shall tell,
The wish it scarce would have thee know,
Yet cherishes so well.

Then, while the hours enjoy their flight
Among the flowers that grace this shrine,
Oh, may one smile of cloudless light
Remain forever thine!"

Mary.

Eliza Swain
Eliza Swain Kentucky
Eliza Swain Kentucky Eliza Swain

'Tis alone I shivering in the gale
The bark impels her drowsy sail
And whistling over the bending mast
Loud sings on high the foreshewing blast
And I must from this land be gone
Because I cannot love but one
But could I be what I have been
And could I see what I have seen
Could I repose upon that breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest
I should not seek another zone
But ever truly love but one
Like some lone bird without a mate
My weary heart is desolate
I look around and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face
But even in crowds am still alone
Because I cannot love but one
The poorest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth
Where friendship or love's softer glow
Bid sorrow flee and soothe the blow
But still beats on as it began
And never truly love but one

Lydia Ann Eliza Eliza

"The age we honour stands the not
For locks of snow or length of days.
But in a life which knows no spots,
A heart which heavenly wisdom sways."

E. . . . S. . . . .

Nantucket 8th Month 1847

To Chloe.

Oh may thy earthly lot be richly blest,
With all of good to mortals ever given;
And when the grave receives thee to its rest,
May thy pure spirit wing its flight to Heaven.

Nant, July 24th 1839 J L S

"And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Byron's Don Juan

"The Love of God

Could I with ink the ocean fill
Were the whole earth of parchment made
Were every single stick a quill
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the Love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry
Nor would the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky.

C. Gale

Nantucket 5th Mo 19th 1833

And
O, s
The p
But n
To clo
My ye
Make
On the
On M
On t
Nothi
In th

A languid leaden iteration reigns
And ever must, o'r those whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste. The cuckoo seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
To doating sense indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripened by the sun,
Make their days various, various as the dyes
On the doves neck which wanton in his rays.
On minds of dove like innocence possessed,
On lightsome minds that bask in vatues beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing slow revolves
In that for which they long, for which they live.

Extracted from Dr Young
C Grey

"O k
Upon
Let
To
Tha
Bec
In
or Wh

Sam

To Eliza C. Perkins

"O keep these pages pure and white
Unless the glow of truth be there
Let no rude hand presume to write
To stain with flattery leaves so fair
Those leaves so highly prized by thee
Because its friendship gems them over
In future years more dear to thee will be
When friends that filled them are no more"

Edward Sutton

Nantucket 8th Mo. 30th 1847.

Why

Yes – if t
Is gone
Well may
Why d

But his
Death
The eye
But

Oh! is
Far
The Kind
The

Because
From
And
Of

Why do we love. if love be vain

Yes – if when beauties dazzling mask.
Is gone no other charms remain,
Well may the heart desponding ask
Why do we love. if love be vain.

But tis not so – when we behold
Death's faded victim once so fair,
The eye is dim the lip is cold
But all we valued lies not there.

Oh! is it not because we love,
Far more than beauty's fleeting worth,
The kindred soul which soars above.
The fair yet fading flowers of earth.

Because affection shuddering shrinks
From the cold dust left mouldering here,
And midst his tears the mourner thinks.
Of hope beyond this troubled sphere.

6 Mo 19. 1832 selected by J. W.

Celes
earth; or
make h
bosom of
cally soft,

of sor

When
And
Their
Are

True Happiness

Celestial Happiness, wene're she stoops to visit earth; one shrine she finds, and one alone to make her sweet amends for absent heaven; the bosom of friend, where heart meets heart reciprocally soft, each others bosom to divine repose.

Friendship thou sweetner of life and solder of society: I owe the much

When virtue kindred virtues meet
And sister souls together join
Their joys as permanent as sweet
Are all immortal full divine

A Friend
E. M. V.

con
ing
du
as
giv
ict

"May each season of this changeful life come fraught to thee with some new blessing, richer than that which has gone by; and may the tide of thy early sensations, as they subside in the truths of experience, give place to those solid enjoyments, which wisdom and virtue only can confer."

E. Gardner

The hand of a friend imparts
inestimable value to the most trifling token
of remembrance, but the gift of one unloved
is like the golden letters which encumber
and, withal, not the less for being made of
costly materials

October 25th 1885

To Reflection

"Hail pens
For, far
Near some
In solitu
Or 'neath
Beside the
Gilt lock
And fo
There let
To view
In all
With
In p
And

To Reflection.

"Hail pensive power! with thee I love to rove
For, far, from all the busy haunts of men,
Near some romantic deep embowered glen,
In solitudes sequestered silent grove;
Or 'neath the shades of lofty forest trees,
Beside the borders of a murmuring stream,
Gilt lovely with the suns last setting beam,
And fanned by zephyrs cool, reviving breeze:—
There let thy energies inspire my mind
To view fair natures wonder works displayed,
In all the attractive charms of spring arrayed,
With beauty and magnificence combined
In pleasing converse, there with thee I'll roam,
And make the depths of solitude my home."

M. C. C.

"To me
look, on wh
of every thi
last day
we shall fi
turn from th
have sweate
time — to
Eternity."

"Fri
yet professe
has a frien
to the test,
friendship
in adversity,
him in every
not meant o

"To me there's something affecting in the last look, on whatever object it is turned; for the last of every thing reminds us of the last of life — the last day we shall spend on earth — the last look we shall fix on time's trivial scenes. — when we must turn from the beloved objects whose society & sympathy have sweetened our cup of woe & filled our span of time — to the loneliness of Death — & the realities of Eternity."

Sophia A. Ray

"Friendship is a name but little understood yet professed by many — Let him who thinks he has a friend be careful of putting that friendship to the test, lest he be disappointed — The only true friendship is found in woman; she supports man in adversity, rejoices with him in prosperity & sustains him in every change, "But on man's friendship let not man depend."

S. A. Ray

Ther
Be
Where
An
And
Spirit
And
The an
And
Upon
And
From

Heaven.

There is a calm and peacefull spot,
Beyond this world of grief and anguish,
Where winter tempests echoed:
And light and glory never languish.
And in that fair, and happy land,
Spirits of love and bliss are dwelling,
And sweet from many a seraph band
The anthems of delight are swelling.
And death far distant frowns in vain,
Upon those spirits bright and pure,
And sees their glory still remain,
From all his assaults, secure.

A. M. H.

Acrostick.

Beneath the sod, our mortal bodies soon may lie,
Ere we're aware, we may be call,d to die —
Yes! I may next be summon,d, am I prepared? Ales! I fear!!
Eternity, that awful word, is sounding in my ear —
Around us often do we see depart, friend after friend:
Let this remind us then of our aproaching end,
Shall we still live in sin and choose the road which leads to woe?
Or shall we seek our God, and strive in Wisdoms ways to go?
Reflect my friend, on that dread day when God the Judge shall come,
Enroled in awful majesty to call his children home:
And must we stand on the left hand, and hear that dreadful word?
Depart ye cursed into Hell who have not sought your God!!
Yet there is hope, we may now to Jesus fly, and find in him security.

Nantucket July 18th 1839 Thankfull _____.

I fear!!

:

eads to woe?
ays to go?
Judge shall come,
me:
iful word?
r God!!
in him security.

Hull _____.

To Eliza

If from the friends that are nearest thy heart
It is thy sad fortune with sorrow to part
Then look thou aloft to that Friend who is near
And the call of the needy is ready to hear

Should trouble assail and the dark storms arise
And thick clouds of sorrow overshadow thy skies
Then look thou aloft far above those dark shades
Unto those blest scenes where no sorrow invades

And even if as onward through life's voiage you steer
Those clouds should disperse and bright prospects appear
Still look thou above for the joy that's to come
Remembering this earth cannot long be thy home

There is a bright world far above the blue skies
Where faith never lingers and love never dies
The home of the Christian where weary ones rest
And earths lonely Pilgrims forever are blest

Tho short since we met and we shortly must part
Yet friendship hath woven its cords round our heart
O friendship true friendship time cannot impair
As streams doth in Channals it deper will wear

And if we are severed to meet here no more
May we be prepared when lifes voiage is over
To meet in true friendship on that happy shore
Where unnumbered millions the Saviour adore.

Martha

heart
rt
o is near
ear

ise
shies
h shades
vades

e you stay
prospects appear
s to come
thy home

blue shies
r dies
ry ones rest
lest

"This Album some lone winter eve may beguile,
As thine eye o'er its pages shall thoughtfully stray,
Retrospection will turn, to the past with a smile,
And restore half the joys time has stolen away.

And if at such moments one thought of thine heart,
Should revert to the Friend, who addresses thee here,
Though absence should sever us wide by apart,
Remember my hopes for thy weal were sincere.

May never a cloud of adversity veil,
The day beams of promised enjoyment to thee,
Nor the turbulent tempest, of sorrow assail,
Thy bark on its course to eternity's sea.

May thy evening of life as it draws to a close,
Be as calm and serene as thy spirit is pure,
And Angels, at last bear thee home to repose,
Where the joys of the righteous forever endure."

L C M

beguile,
stray,
mile.
away.

heart,
that here,
t,
ere.

e,

The Orphans

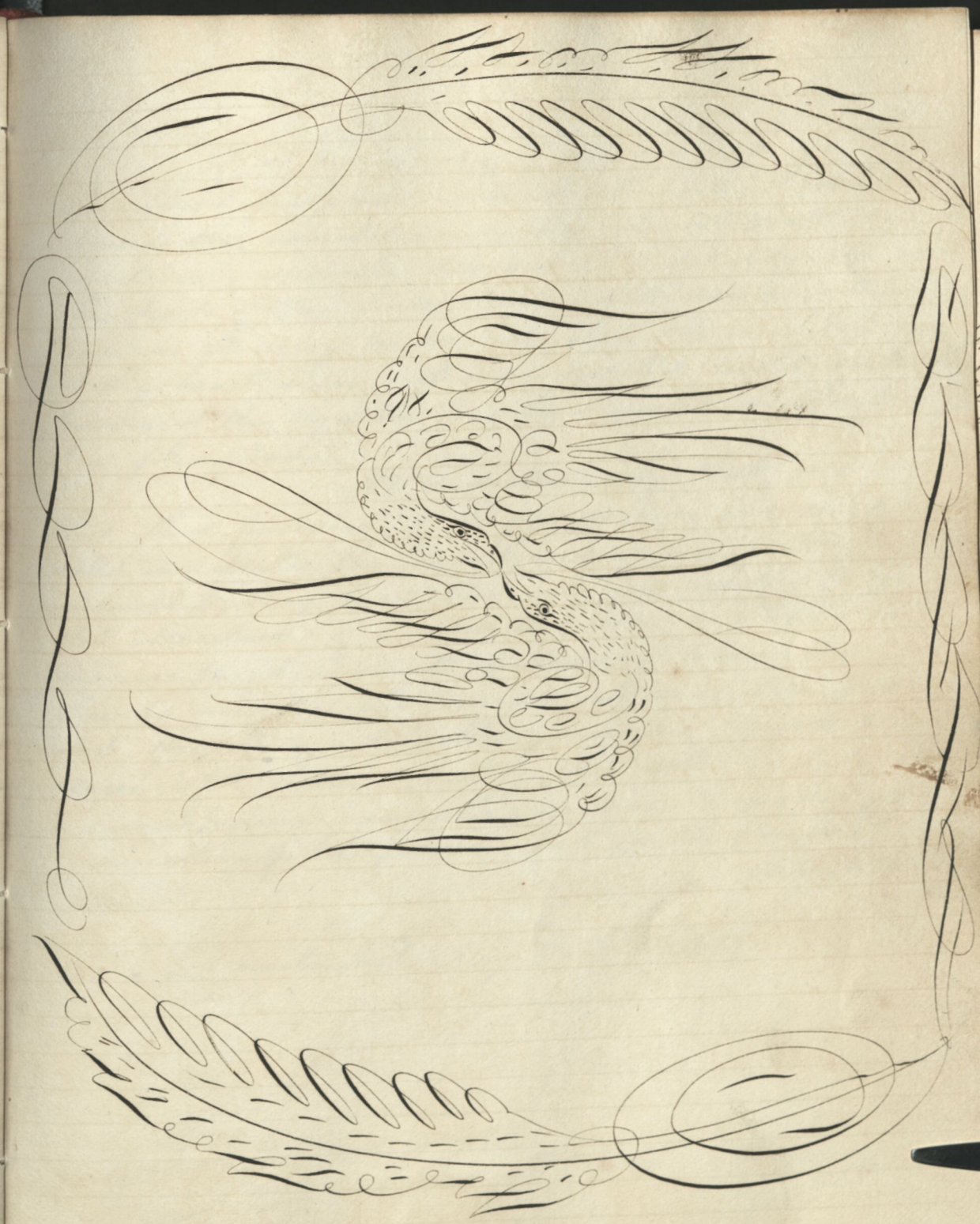
"Come to my bosom, sister dear!
Though all the world be dark around,
Still find thy own sad refuge here,
As thou in other days hast found.

Alas! what shelter can I give—
Or I with the one fate deplore—
Since all we loved have ceased to live,
And all we own'd is ours no more?

Your happy cot, our early pride!
How sweetly there the sunbeams shone!
Ah me! 'twas there our mother died,
And left us to the world alone!

Dear mother! from thy rest above,
Behold thy wretched orphans roam,
And in the fondness of thy love,
Come take us to thy heavenly home."

C. F. Friend



"If
unalloyed
bound thy
existence,
the object of
perhaps it
of thy heart
spirit of th
of a phant

thee the p
will inadi
immortal, t
the attent
survive the
thee to cons
and thyself
search of a
a never-fail
immorta

Na

"If, in the morning of life, thou seeks for unalloyed happiness in terrestrial objects, if thou bound thy expectations by thy present state of existence, and the possessions of futurity are not the object of thy hopes, thou will discover, when perhaps it may be too late, that the meditations of thy heart have not been directed aright; and the prime of thy youth has been wasted in the pursuit of a phantom.

It is virtue only that can insure thee the possession of happiness; her glorious influence will irradiate thy mind, and as her pursuits are immortal, they are the only ones worthy to engage the attention of a rational being. — Virtue shall survive the transient existence of time, will teach thee to consider the present only as a state of probation, and thyself, as a traveller journeying forward in search of a better country; she will be unto thee a never-failing friend, leading thee to regions where uninterrupted felicity will be thy inheritance.

Elizabeth S....

Nantucket May 23 1832.

"W
An
Ma
Inh
Ri h
Be

This life
have its
itself to an
May, the
ous one, th
light of th
And the

"While through this fleeting life's short varied day,
An humble pilgrim here thou plod'st thy way;
May no ambitious dreams delude thy mind,
Impatience hence be far — and far be Pride;
Whatever thy lot, on Heaven's kind care reclin'd
Be Piety thy comfort — Faith thy Guide."

Sophia A. Ray.

This life which now seems so full of joy, must have its sorrows; this life which now seems to stretch itself to an indefinite length, must have an end; May, the close of it, be, to you, my friend, an entrance into one, that has no sorrow & no end, & where the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun and the light of the sun seven fold

S. A. Ray.

No radient
No gem
Not the brig
No rising
Shine wit
For others wo

Sea

Yea, search m
Knowledge,
Wisdom, surp
And virtu

Faith that wi
Hope that
And charity,
Will cheer

Pure precepts,
Purest and
To frail morta
To teach

Oh! may we
To ponder
And fix ther
To him w

The Tear

No radient pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
No rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tears that break
For others woe down virtue's manly cheek.

Search the Scriptures

Yea, search them, for in them thou'lt surely find,
Knowledge, most precious, words of life and light;
Wisdom, surpassing all of human kind,
And virtue, yielding the most pure delight.

Faith that will stand thee in the hour of death,
Hope that will gild thy pathway to the tomb,
And charity, that to thy latest breath,
Will cheer thy heart — and all thy soul illume.

Pure precepts, bright examples, there thou'lt find,
Purest and brightest — for the Lord on high
To frail mortality was even joined,
To teach us how to live, and how to die.

Oh! may we prize such knowledge — may we live,
To ponder ~~over~~ the precepts of our Lord,
And fix them in our hearts, and glory give
To him who gave us His most precious word.

E C M.

Be
So
Ye

To
In thos
Surveyd, ca

Before
The posts
Their seven

An
Twelve
Fourne cover

Th
For
Which p

Behold, Alas, Our days we spend,
How vain they be, how soon they end,

Behold,
How short a span,
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man,
In those well temper'd days, his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but three score years and ten.

Alas!
And what is that,
They come, and slide and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what,
The posts of time are swift, which having run,
Their seven short stages ~~on~~ their short lived task is done.

Our days
Begun, we tend
To sleep, to antick plays
And toys untill the first stage ends,
Twelve waning moons twice five times told, we give
Younrecovered loss: we rather breathe than live.

We spend,
A ten year's breath,
Before we apprehend,
What 'tis to live or fear a death,
For childish dreams are fill'd with painted toys
Which please our sense a while, and waking prove but toys!

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this;
His days are short at longest; for at most,
They are but hard at best; yet lavish'd out a lost.

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagle's wings:
Our life's a clock, and every grasp of breath,
Breathes forth a grief, 'till time shall strike a death.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!
We spring; we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end,
When scarce begun:
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days: and if they flee so fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

Copied for E P Swain by her friend E Delano

Nantucket 4 mo 16 1837

yours truly E. Delano August 15, 1886

My dear friend Eliza

In looking over the preceding pages of your album I see a piece written by myself a few lines of forty years ago, and as I am now writing probably for the last time your kind thought it might be pleasant to you to see something more from my hand contributed to the old album after all these years. Time has not left us unchanged by his steady and unwavering hand our faces have grown old and wrinkled but our hearts remain unchanged I hope unless for the better. My intercourse with you in these few weeks has been very pleasant and I shall always as I ever have done keep a warm place in ~~in~~ my heart for you. and now if we never meet again in this world as we probably never shall may the dear kind Father keep you safely in his own hand untill the end comes, and at last may you have an abundant entrance into that rest that remains for the people of God, is the sincere wish of your old and loving friend

Elizabeth Delano of Peoria Ill

Nantucket August 14. 1880

"The young the lovely, pass away,
Never to be seen again;
Earth's fairest flowers swift decay,
Its blasted trees remain.

Full oft we see the brightest thing
That lifts its head too high,
Smile in the light, then droop its wing;
And fade away and die.

And kindly is the lesson given:
They dry the falling tear;
They came to raise our hearts to heaven,
They go to call us there."

Eliza Gardner.

There
Sovereign
uninfluen
Consider a
the sentem
and are onl

O thou Grate
Whose arm
Dispel the
Thy enteran
Lay thy supp
Beneath m
And with
Illume my
Leaning on th
I would resign
And in thy
The bitterner

Lady

Thine be the life of happiness
Each friend be true to thy caress
In this cold world of care

M

There are seasons when the mind fixed on the Sovereign good is composed and quiet, totally uninfluenced by outward objects, where human Considerations loose their energy and we regardless of the sentiments of men and are only solicious to gain the approbation of Heaven

Eliza P Swain

O thou Grate Source of joy Supreme
Whose arm alone can save
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The enterance to the grave
Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed
Leaning on thy dear faithful breast
I would resign my breath
And in thy love'd embraces lose
The bitterness of death

E P Swain

The

No he

Whose

Heaven

Oh how

Not n

Because

For softn

Not to

But to m

Life and it

Man should

And shape

To walk ador

Sonnet

There is no remedy for time unspent
No healing for the waste of idleness
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess
Oh hours of indolence and discontent
Not now to be redeemed ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties not for selfishness
Not to be wiled away in idlers dream
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind
Life and its choicest faculties were given
Man should be ever better than he seems
And shape his acts and discipline his mind
To walk adoring earth deserving heaven

E. C. S

Abse
My
As all
In tw
But
By
And & m
Shall
How so
Thy lov
And ble
Her nam

April 19, 18

To Eliza

Absent or present, still the same
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse and thy song.
But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "memory" o'er her druids tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blessed, while ages rool away,
Her name immortally with thine!

April 13, 1812

Selected from Lord Byron's
works
Mr. B. P. 1836

Thou
A
Then
And
May
And
The
But
That
And
Thou
Tom
As o
And
Then
Perhap

Nantu

Thou ask, of me a line to give,
A tribute of respect;
Then in thy memory may they live,
And with thy memory set.
May Guardian Angels thee protect,
And guide thee safe to Heaven;
The God of glory ~~the~~ never forget,
But speak thy sins forgiven.
That when the last loud trump shall sound,
And bid the nations rise;
Thou may,st with the white robe be found,
To meet him in the skies.
As on this page thy doth wander,
And thy heart with pleasure thrill:
Then cast one thought upon the stranger,
Perhaps to thee a stranger still.

A. Stranger

Nantucket March 2d 1837.

To Elia.

Embarked upon life's summer sea
Light as the bounding Deer
Imagination prompts us on
Zealous life's bark to steer
And as the shadow we pursue
Deceitful thing how fast it flew

Soon very soon our race is run
the chord of life is severed
Wealth beauty friendship
all decay
And we are gone forever
Immortal bodies to appear
before our blessed Saviour
Nothing is from his sight obscure
May we be judged with favour

A Friend

"As
and the
overcast,
the life
with joy

Through cloud and sunshine flower and thorn
Pursue thy even way
Nor let thy better hopes be born
Of things that must decay

Rejoice with trembling mourn with hope
Take life as life was given
To rough ascent its flowery slope
May lead alike to heaven.

by Barton

"As the rose tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns, as the heavens are sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and pains."

Elizabeth Swain

For Eliza

C
Sp
Th
Co
Ho
Tou
Tow
Th
Ge
By

of fa
traits
there
soul
negle
dwad

most
why w
sebes
some
a hos
upon

O, too convincing — dangerously dear
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue — at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it — virtue ebbs — and wisdom errs
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world and made the hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven
By this — how many lose not earth — but heaven!

Byron's Corsair

"Time may dim the recollection of familiar features or change the form whose traits are hoarded in the memory, but the voice — there is a magic in the voice, it steals over the soul as the wind floats over the chords of some neglected harp, and the music of remembrance awakens as it breathes"

There are seasons, often in the most dark and turbulent periods of our life, when why we know not, we are suddenly called from ourselves by the remembrances of early childhood — something touches the electrick chain and lo! a host of shadowy and sweet recollections steal upon us.

Bulwer's Eugene Aram.

Mary Anne Morton
June 26th

The b

"The
It s
Is ca
Joy
And
So ch
Peace
It be

There
The do
That te
These
That sa
That
The sun
And g

"Believe
Forever
Through
Hold
Though
There's
The re
The sun

The world is bright before thee.

"The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine:
And shine the sun beam given
To nature's morning world,
Peace, warm as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death dirge of the gay,
That tells ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may fade away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded
That sky be blue no more—
The summer flowers be faded—
And youth's warm promise o'er."

"Believe it not, though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea—
Though time thy blossoms stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild flower wreaths of feeling,
The sun-beam of the heart."

C. Austin

"We par
With
We vow
And
But t
Are
And t
Ha

"We parted in silence - our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never - no, never, forget;
And those vows at the time were consoling.
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine
Has shrouded its fires forever."

"When
And
When
And
Thy hap
Oh w
And

When
And
When
And n
And ho
Oh wa
Invad

Throug
Throu
Where e
Oh th
Its sorro
And
Fam

To Eliza

"When summer decks thy path with flowers,
And pleasure smiles the sweetest;
When not a cloud above thee lowers,
And sunshine leads thy happy hours,
Thy happiest and thy fleetest;
Oh watch thou then lest pleasure smile
And thy spirit of its hopes beguile.

When round thee gathering storms are nigh,
And griefs thy days have shaded;
When earthly hopes bloom, but to die,
And tears suffuse thy weeping eye,
And hopes bright bow hath faded;
Oh watch thou then lest anxious care,
Invade thy breast and rankle there.

Through all life's scenes, through weal or woe,
Through days of joy and sadness;
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go,
Oh think how transient here below,
Its sorrow and its gladness;
And watch thou always lest thou stray,
From Him who points thy heavenward way".

Mary S. Gardner.

On Early Rising.

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy, why it sleeps,
Soon as the sun departs: why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That Nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Due to repose the solemn hour she claims;
And, from the forehead of the morning, steal
The sweet occasion."

Andrew M. Macy.

WHAT IS EARTH!-

Though pleasures in their bright array
Strew roses on my sunny way;
Their fading flowers only I despise,
And heaven-ward lift my longing eyes.

Should joy ne'er come o'er my sad way,
Nor shed to cheer one smiling ray;
My Father let me not repine:
Grant bliss not mortal but divine

If earthly hopes no longer beam—
If fled the vision, past the dream
Yet, soothing thought! there is a place
Too joyous for e'en hope to bliss.

Should friends, should trusted friends one, remove,
And cease to give me love for love;
O heavenly friend! I mourn them not,
Give me thy love, thou changest not.

When disappointments dark and dread,
Wreath cypress round my youthful head,
Direct my thoughts to that fair shore,
Where, earthly ills are known no more.-

Selected.

The Worm And the flower

You're spinning for my lady worm
Silk garments for the fair
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air
When air is bright with sun-beams
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountys streams
To blue autumnal skies

You're training for my lady flower
You're opening for my love
The glowry of her sweet bower
When sky larks were above

How fade
picture of
all around
ere tomorrow
scene with
sparkled wi
features, tha
now be cla
enjoyed in
troubles and
more approx
the Christian
before him
no more cr
Armies m
place wher
not; neit
of victory;
the Archa
the trump
shall hear

Nantuc

How fading are all things below the sun. To day the picture of health may be seen on our countenances, and all around us appear beautifull, lively and gay; but ere tomorrous sun shall guild the Eastern horizon the scene with us may be changed. These eyes that yesterday sparkled with rapture, at the scene around us; and these features, that yesterday appeared so lively and gay; may now be clasped in death. The pleasures that we have enjoyed in this world will no more visit us. If troubles and trials have been our lot; these shall never more approach us. How peacefull will be the lot of the Christian. Sorrow and sighing will have fled before him. The waves of earthly tribulation will no more cross his bosom. All all is peace and quiet. Armies may engage in fearfull combat oer the place where his remains may lie, he heeds them not; neither does he respond to the rending shout of victory; nothing shall awake but the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God. For the trump of God shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

Charlotte Greene.

Nantucket august 20-1835.

Ho

Ag

Long

Or

Tranqu

Gene

While

Wafto

Emb

To m

And

Right

Wha

And

The Evening Cloud

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the soft radiance of the lake below
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow
E'en in its very motion there was rest
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west
Emblem methought of the departed soul
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies
And tells to man his glorious destinies

Eliza

When
An
When
Hon

When
A
And
Hon

When
S
And
Ho

And
O
And
Ho

"When pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven:
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven

When friends that seemed most near and dear
Are from our bosoms swiftly driven:
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven

When all our comforts here are fled
And earthly hopes are from us taken
And we along the vale are spread
How sweet to have a hope in heaven

And when the end is drawing nigh
Of life through which we long have striven
And we at last must droop and die
How sweet to have a hope in heaven"

A G D

D
A
T
I
A
Y
T
O
On

A Thought

O could we step into the grave
And lift the coffin lid
And look upon the greedy worms
That eat a way the dead.

It well might change the reddest cheek
Into a lily white
And freze the warmest blood to look
Upon so sad a sight

Yet still it were a sadder sight
If in that lump of clay
There were a sense to feel the worms
So busy with their prey

O pity them the living heart
The lump of lingering clay
On which the canker worms of guilt
Forever ever prey

Eliza

When
And
And y

When se
And deit
Forbid the

When, one t
And friend
And man

When tremb
And films,
And clouds

When faith
And words
And visions

Phebe.

A thought on death

When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seized some valued pire,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the Soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left to mourn
Oh, then, how easy tis to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
Tis natures precious boon to die!

When faith is strong and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
Tis joy tis triumph then to die

Phebe. S. Coffin Nantucket May 1st. 1833

To Miss P. Swain

Yet time may pass and years may fly
And every hope will withering die
Yet every joyful dream may set
But oh! I never can forget

And though in triumph shine your eyes
To ask the tribute of my sighs
I'll bless the hour when first we met
For oh! I never can forget

And though not love thine every breath
Would search to fire or cool to death
There was that love which nought could sever
It burns it burns and will forever

Thou faithless! – thou! yet still my heart
From hopes for thee shall ne'er depart
I'll bless the hour when first we met
For oh! I never can forget

Susan Folger

A

A

A

A

A

As

As

As

S

In

Eliza

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud
A brittle glass that's broken presently
A doubtful good a gloss a glass a flower
Lost faded broken dead within ~~within~~ an how

And as goods lost are never found
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground
As broken glass no cement can redress
So beauty blemished once forever lost
In spite of physic, pain and cost

A Friend

Lines spoken by Joseph Smith a blind boy in this Town Nantucket July 16th 1834

The bird that never tried his wing
Can lightly hop and sweetly sing
Though prisoned in a narrow cage
Till his bright feathers droop with age
So I while never blessed with sight
Shut out from heavens surrounding light
Lives hours days and years enjoy
Though blind a merry hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Though heaven or pour his thrilling note
Mid shady groves by pleasant streams
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams
But he may gaily flutter round
Within his prisons scanty bound
And give his soul to song for he

Never longs to taste sweet liberty

Oh! may I not as happy dwell
Within my limitlessness cell
May I not leap and sing and play
And turn my constant night to day!
I never saw the sky the sea
The earth was never green to me
Then why! O why should I repine,
For blessings that were never mine.

Think not that blindness makes me sad
My thoughts like yours are often glad
Parents I have who love me well
Their different voices I can tell
~~He defines their music sets my fur~~
Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one we love

I never saw my fathers face
But when on his forehead i place
My hand and feel the wrinkles there
Left less by time than anxious care
I fear the world has sights of wo
To knit the brows of mankind so
I sit upon my fathers knee
He'd love me less if I could see

I never saw my mothers smile
Her gentle tones my heart beguile
They fall like distant melody
They are so mild and sweet to me
She mourns not my mother dear
Though sometimes i have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek to tell the joys
One smiling word would give her boy

Bright merry was I every day
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters brothers friends and all
To answer to their sudden call
To join the ring to speed the chase
To find each playmates hiding place
And pass my hand across his back
To tell him I could do it now
Yet though delightful flew the hours
So passed in childhoods peaceful bowers
When all were gone to school but I
I used to sit at home and sigh
Although I never wished to view
The earth so green the sky so blue
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book

Now I have learned to read and write
My heart is filled with new delight
And music too can never be found
A sight so beautiful as sound
Tell me kind friends in one short word
Am I not like that captive bird
I live in song in peace in joy
I tough blind a merry hearted boy

Phebe S. Coffin July 16th 1834

d and write
ery delight
n be found
ound
e short words
tive birds
joy
hearted boy

th 1834

1

Th
Fa
Fo
Ane
The
Ane
Ane
My

A
An
Wil
And
Lar
Or
cha
Ch.

There's a longing wish that will sometimes come
To the first bright scenes of my childhood home
To the level fields and the buttonwood trees
And the pure fresh rush of the ocean breeze
The robin that woke me at break of day
And the fragrant smell of the new made hay
And my own loved rose bush which bloomed to deck
My window with its rich loveliness.

I think of the flowers which blossomed there
And I seem to breathe the untainted air
Wild fancy flies o'er the wide spread plain
And I wish that I were a child again
Gazing at eve on the star lit skyes
Or the sunset clouds with their gorgeous dyes
changing as night drew her dusky line
Oh! what changes of feeling have since been mine.

Susan Folger

"Though fate upon this faded flower
This withering hand has laid,
Its odoured breath defies his power,
Its sweets are undecayed.
And thus although thy warbled strains
No longer wildly thrill,
The memory of the song remains,
Its soul is with me still."

[illegible] Tuesday [illegible]

Sh

D

Ta

G

Tho

Tai

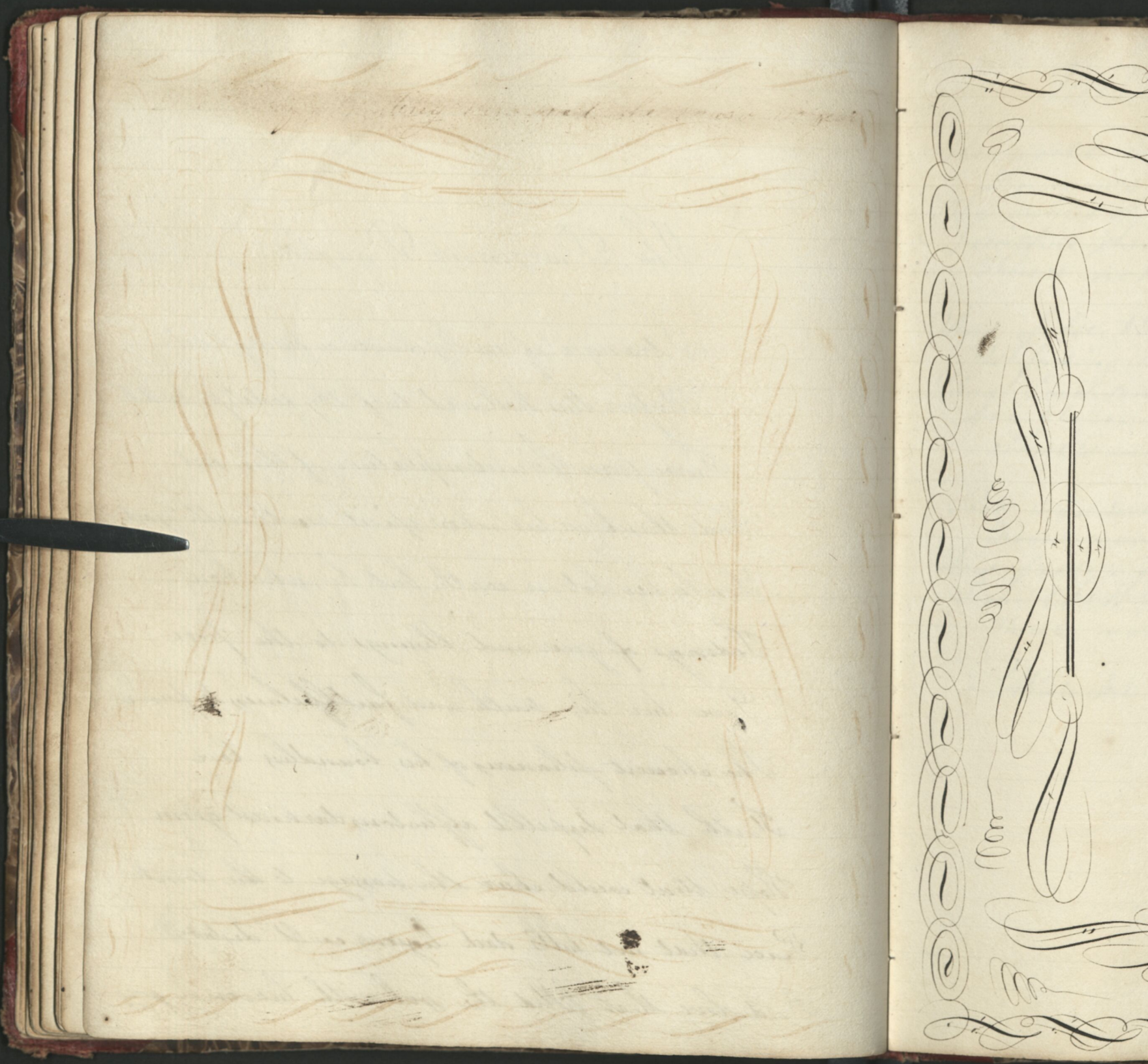
Hope

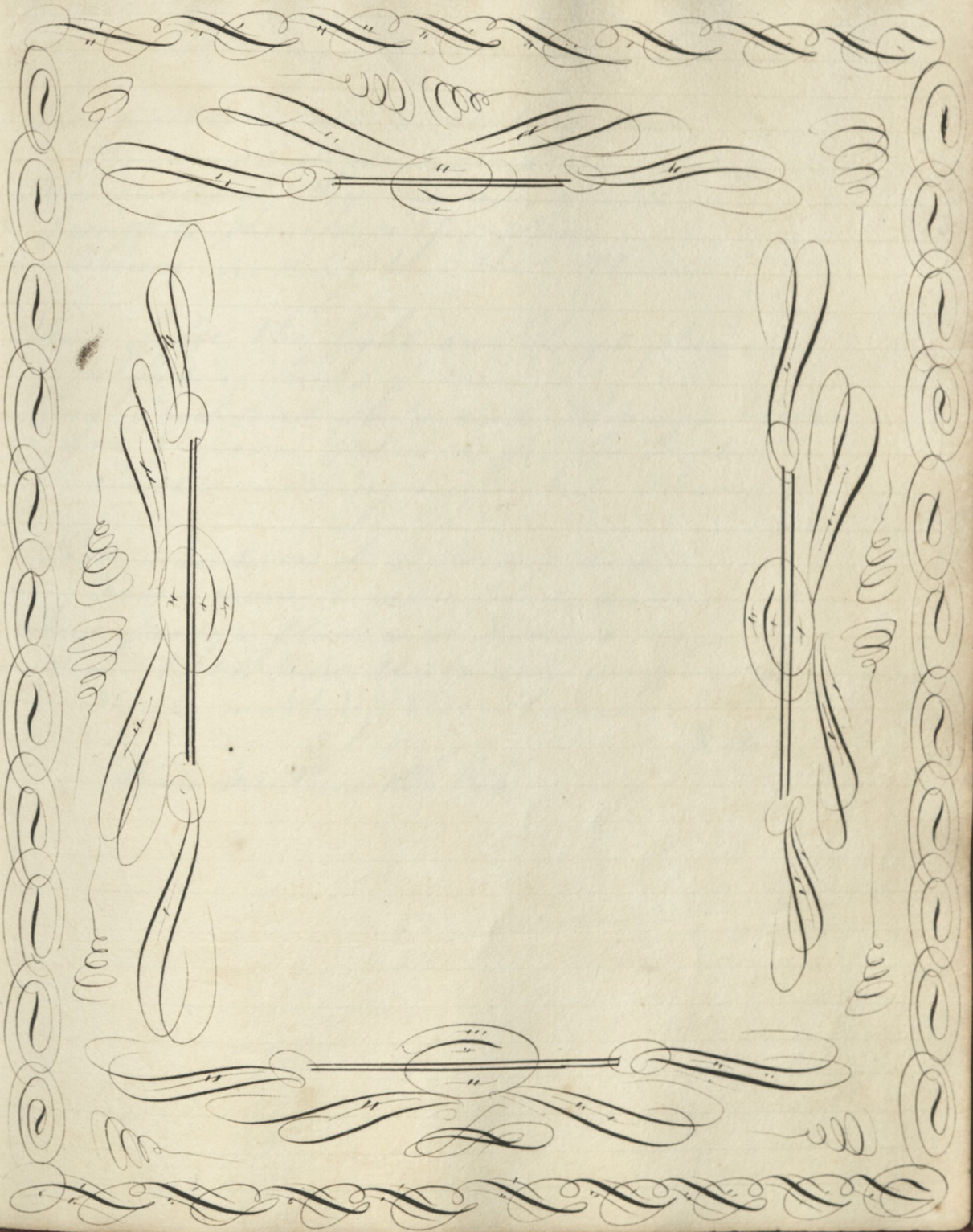
Peace

And

The Dairyman's Daughter

Stranger if ere by chance or fading lead
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread
Turn from the contemplation of this sod
And think on her whose spirit rests with god
Lowly her lot on earth but he who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor
Gave her his truth and faithfulness to prove
The choicest pleasures of his boundless love
Faith that dispell'd afflictons darkest gloom
Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb
Peace that not hell's dark legions could destroy
And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy





Not

The world
For man
The smiles
Deceitfull
There's n

And false
As fading
And Love
Are blosso
There's

Poor wand
From w
And fancy
Serve tett
There's n

Nantuck

Nothing True But Heaven

The world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy the tears of Wo,
Deceitfull shine deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the trouble way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

H. H. G.

Nantucket June 18th 1836

Our
All
Thro
Here
Give
Our
Forge
As w
O, save
From
For the
And f

The Lords Prayer versified

Our Father thou who art in Heaven
All hallowed praise to the be given
Through all the world thy kingdom come,
Here as in Heaven thy will be done,
Give us this day our daily bread.
Our souls do thou divinely feede.—
Forgive us Lorde our every sin.
As we forgive our fellow men.—
O save us from each tempting snare.
From evill & from dark dispair.—
For thine the kingdom is & power
And glory Lord forevermore—

Amen

B.

This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and Aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat,
Of trouble and tortuering paine;
It ceases to flutter and beat
It never shall flutter again."

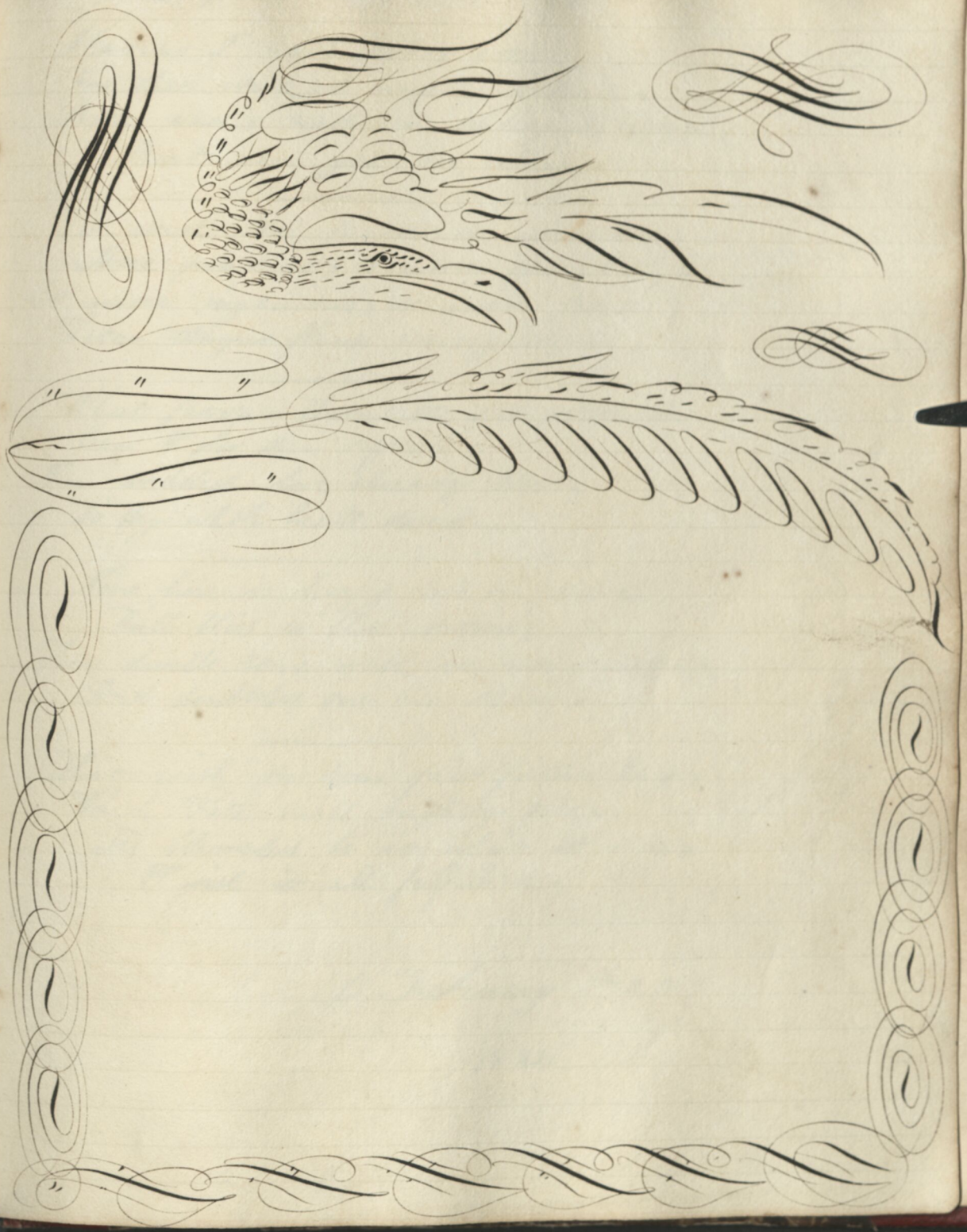
P S

Swiftly fly the rolling year
Till that happy morn appear
That my noblest hopes shall see
~~Centered~~ O my God in the
That shall teach my thoughts to rise
Ov'r the world and all its joys
Bend obedient to thy laws;
Feel the worth of self applause
Nobly scorn each meaner care
And ~~each~~ in conscious virtue dare
All that comes in misery's train,
Sickness poverty and pain
Heedless of the hour of fate
And prepared for either State

Eliza P Swain

For
That
And
The Regl
Is mad
On S

For sure to hug a fancied cast
That never did and never can take place
And for the pleasure it can give
To Neglect the facts of real life
Is madness in it greatest height
Or I mistake the matter quite



The P

Maria I
For thee
Both sad
But

To wish
More pr
Or more i
From temp

What favo
Can I fo
In wedlock
To thy wh

None here
Full fl
There dwells
And dom

That wish
Which Fat
Tis blam
I wis

The Poets New years Gift

Maria I have very good
For thee wished many a time,
Both sadly and in cheerful mood,
But never yet in rhime.

To wish thee fairer is no need,
More prudent, or more sprightly,
Or more ingenious, or more freed
From temper-flaws unsightly.

What favour then not yet possess'd,
Can I for thee require,
In wedded love already blest,
To thy whole heart's desire.

None here is happy but in part:
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one in thine.

That wish on some fair future day,
Which Fate shall brightly gild,
Tis blameless be it what it may,
I wish it all fulfill'd.

February th 22

1832

Oh

It

To

Like

To

Like

Too

Oh

Se

With

No

Its

The

A te

Of

Its s

A c

Its j

Its

Nantucke

Woman's Love

Oh! woman's love is a holy light
And when tis kindled, nier can die;
It lives — though treachery & slight,
To quench the constant flame may try.

Like ivy, where it grows, tis seen
To wear an everlasting green,
Like ivy, too, 'tis fondest to cling,
Too often round a worthless thing.

Oh! woman's love — at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true, undeviating ray,
Nor ever from its ideal turns.

Its sunshine is a smile — a frown
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;
A tear its weapon is — Beware
Of woman's Tears; — there's danger there.

Its sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant & confiding Breast
Its joy to meet — its death to part
Its sepulchre — a Broken Heart.

Inserted by your friend,

Sophia A. Ray

Nantucket. July 24th 1842.

If ever we may be allowed to say that mariages are made in Heaven it must be where their union is formed upon a disinterested affection that a lone can not be discribed even by those that have felt it; my own heart tells me, that it is beyond all discription sure I am that the flame is kindled and cherished By a superior power; tis not a pretty face nor an elegant person not a brillant wit or fine understanding that can excite or Preserve mutual affection, it springs from a higher source, it Has been known to subsist in its utmost ardour where these accomplishments has been wanting, there is a nameless sympathy of Congenial souls, even among those of the same sex which is felt, Which cannot be discribed, but which lisping mortals have Denominated friendship when this nameless sympathy meets Congenial souls of different sexes tis amazingly hightened friendship cannot express the sensations; and we have lent to call it by the name of love, a name indeed sadly profaned by the Lips of sensualists the coveteous and the ambitious, but felt and understood in its true meaning and import by those alone who seek for happiness in the sweet tranquility of Domestick enjoyments who consider the lover an husband As one and the same character, which an union is indeed Devoutly to be wished for and when once accomplished the

ages are made
ed upon a disin
ed even by those
it is beyond all
ed and cherished
n elegant person
can excite or
her source, it
where these accom
sympathy of
x which is felt,
ortals have
sympathy must
ightened from
ve lent to call
profaned by the
ous, but felt
rt by those
nquility of
husband
on is indeed
hlished the

No parents friends nor home have I
No tie to bind my soul to earth
My only wish is now to die
But ah sweet country of my birth
How often bitterly I mourn
That I no more thy shore shall see
Shall never never more return
To sleep in peace blest shade by thee
Who taught me in earliest youth
Those lessons which the saviour taught
To shun all vice the paths of truth
And virtue seek And as I sought
Had I observed them that sweet peace
The christian feels I now might know
But Ah this heart must shortly cease
To beat; this breast which bitterest woe
So long has felt no more will heave
In anguish and my tortured brain
No longer will nor can sustain
The racking hell tormenting pain
Which that arch fiend that black despair
So deeply has instilled there
It is decreed and I must leave
This wretched world resign my breath
To him who gave it. welcome death
Now to thy arms with joy I come
Yes joy for now I find a home

P. C. S

d

th

e

e

ht

y
now
e
woe

ehair

t

The poetess new-years year year

When health is glowing on the cheek,
And rapture in the eye will speak,
The world and all its smiles we seek,
And than we mourn.

The sweetest rose soon fades a way,
It lingers but a summers day,
Too beautiful on earth to stay,
Yet leaves a thorn.

And like the rose our pleasures fade,
The world soon wears a gloomy shade,
Of cares and deep afflictions made,
To probe the heart.

The spirit hopeless turns a way
To seek a bright and changeless day
Where Heavens pure light illumes the way
From earth to part

And yet we do not mourn in vain,
And suffer sickness, care and pain,
Mortality has much to gain,
A boon is given.

The greatest price we may impart,
Tis but to gave a contrite heart,
Free from all vanity and art,
That boon is Heaven

Eliza

Oh weep not g
While you m
The heart ma
Yet 'twill F

Give me

Like you ha
From the fr
But oh thoug
I have met

Give me

Then sigh
Who will smi
For oh like
The heart wi

Give

Parody on Home.

Oh weep not for home, though that home may be dear,
While you meet with such friends as encircle you here;
The heart may be lonely, afflictions may rend,
Yet 'twill brighten again, at the smiles of a friend.
Chorus. Friend, friend, dear friend,
Give me the true friend, give me the true friend.

Like you have I roamed from the home that I loved,
From the friends of my childhood, whose friendship I proved;
But oh though the heart of those friends were sincere,
I have met in my exile with friends no less dear.
Friend, friend, dear friend
Give me the true friend, give me the true friend.

Then sigh not, but turn your affection round those,
Who will smile in your pleasures and weep in your woes
For oh like the flowers, which fade when alone
The heart will soon wither, when friendship is gone.
Friend, friend, dear friend,
Give me the true friend, give me the true friend.

Guess and guess again.

"Heaven guide thy bark; may gentlest breezes
Waft the on safely o'er the sea of life;—
Smooth be thy course unruffled by a tempest,
Untill you reach the port of peace eternal."

"— Eliza! accept these wishes of a friend
And when thine eye shall meet thine Albums page
This page (whose purest whiteness is not so fair
As is the cheek of beauty, where the rays of intellect
and fancy brightly beam,)—
Bestow one thought, one faint remembrance
On her, whose name you see recorded here;
— This be my portrait,— my memorial,
And when the waves of ocean roll between us,
The only boon I ask;— may these unworthy lines
Recall to thee the memory of a friend."

M. A. Greene.

Nantucket August 20th 1835.

gentlest breases

tempest,
temal."

nd
ne Albums page
t so fair
of intellect

brance
here,
oral,
tween us,
worthy lines
d."

A. Greene.

Eliza! wilt thou accept
The wishes of a friend?
That God may thee protect,
And heavenly blessings send?
But should thy heart ever be,
By grief and sorrow riven;
Then raise thine eye above
There's rest for thee in heaven!—
But oh! if thornless flowers,
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fly thy hours,
Unstain'd by earthly gloom,
Still let not every thought,
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot,
Thy better rest in heaven.

J. R. D.

Nantucket July 28th 1839

,

!—

m,

—

h ob.

Acrostick

Endeared to me thou art, by friendships ties,
Let no unpleasant feelings they arise,
In thy breast for aught that I have penned. but strive to be
Zealous for God, and live as for Eternity:
Oh, solemn thought, to know that we must die!—

Swiftly you know our hours are flying, soon the moment will be here,
When we must part with scenes terrestrial, and at our Maker's bar appear
And if our names are not recorded, in lifes fair book, then we must go
In Christ if we,ve not found a refuge we must be doomed to endless woe
Now let us give our hearts to God, ere we are called from things below

Nantucket July 26th 1839. J L Smith.

ges ties,

ed. but stare to be
y:

ust die!—

the moment will be here
at our Maker's bar appear
back, then we must go
t be doomed to endless
alled from things below

L Smith.

"Tis good to think on death – it bends the will
From that stern purpose, which no man could hold
And yet be happy: we must go and fill
Thought with affection, where pale mourners fold
The shroud around those chill limbs, whose fair mould
Imagined unearthly beauty. Why not blend
With tears awhile, and leave that stern, that cold
Contempt of all that waits us, when we end
Our proud career in death, where all, hope lifted, bend.

Tis good to hold communion with the dead,
To walk the lane where bending willows throw
Gloom o'er the dark green turf, ere day is fled,
And cast deep shadow on the tomb below;
For, as we muse thus silently, we know
The worth of all our longings, and we pay
New worship unto purity, and so
We gather strength to take our toilsome way,
Which must be meekly borne, or life be thrown away."

Orlando.

May 11th 1844.

Sho

"Oh! the heart
A wave on the
A riderless steed
A peal of the s
It spurns at at
Of the world and

Oh! the heart m
From the lips and
But the furrow an
Ever finds it as ac
It may break, it
That even in mi

May 1844.

ds the will
man could hold
fill
ourness fold
whose fair mould
to blend
ns, that cold
we end
e, hope lifted, bend.

the dead,
ows throw
is fled,
below;
v
pay

me way,
thrown away."
Lando.

The Heart's Freedom.

"Oh! the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave on the ocean! a bird, on the wing!
A riderless steed o'er the desert plain bounding,
A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding:
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world, and its proud ones, and dares to be free.

Oh! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
From the lips and the eye of a beautiful one;
But the frown and the face with its impulse conteting,
Ever find it as adamant cold and unbending;
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see
That even in ruin it dares to be free!"

Orlando.

May 1841.

Rest in Heaven

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even.
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise ~~thou~~ thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of a time to die:
Sweet hope shall whisper then—
"Though thou from earth be riven,
"There's bliss beyond thy ken,
"There's rest for thee in Heaven."

M Adlington

To Eliza.

Midst all the dear, the valued ones who claim,
A kind remembrance, in thy breast,
Respected friend! I fain would have my name,
By memorys hand, inscribed among the rest;
And when in after years, though far away,
And many kindly whisper words of praise,
And when the tottering powers of memory,
Lied, to recall the scenes of bygone days,
Deign to bestow a passing thought on me,
However blest may be thy happy lot,
And if than art clouded in adversity,
Midst thoughts of dearer friends, forget me not.

Thankfull L Smith.

Nantucket July 30th 1839.

me,

L Smith.

The Mercy Seat.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
There is a calm where Jesus sheds,
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place that all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sunder'd far by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.
Ah! whither could we fly for aid,
When tempted, desolate dismay'd—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat.
There! there on eagles wings ~~wings~~ we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.
O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget — the Mercy Seat.

N. D.

October 30th 1831.

t-

d,
friend,

ee soar,
one,
o greet,
t.

l,
at,

D.

Lines written by a Gentleman.

The shape alone let others prize, the features of the fair,
I look for spirit in her eyes, and meaning in her air;
A damask cheek and ivory arm, shall never my wishes win
Give me an animated form, that speaks a mind within
A face where awful honour shines, where sense & sweetness meet
And angel innocence refines, the tenderness of love.
These are the soul of beauties frame, without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem, and all her roses dead.

A Stranger.

Resignation. — A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his Lady, who was waiting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, 'My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?' He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillow, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed, are you not afraid? She instantly replied, 'No, certainly not.' 'Why?' said the officer. 'Because, rejoined the Lady, I know the sword is in the hand of my Husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me.' Then said he, 'Remember I know in whom I have believed,' and that he holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hallow of his hand.

N. L.

.

of the fair,
ng in her air,
r my wishes win
a mind within
ge & sweetness
ch of love.
whose vital aid
pses dead.

A Stranger.

a dreadful storm,
ith alarm for the
ve and serenity,
d is it possible you
n a chair lashed
drew his sword,
ined, are you not
said the officer.
the hand of my
Then said he,
nd that he holds
of his hand.

N. T.

There is a charm in the pallid cheek
A charm which the tongue can never speak
When the hand of sickness has wethered a while
The rose which had bloomed in the rays of a smile
There is a charm in the heavy eye
When the tear of sorrow is passing by
Like a summer shower o'er yon vaulte of blue
Or the violet trembling 'neath drops of ~~dew~~ dew

To Elisa

When the freshness of youth flits on time's rapid pinions
And the spring time of life forever departs
Twill be sweet to scan over each leaf of thy album
And trace out those friendship's engraved on thy heart

A Friend

It spreads around a shade of light
As daylight blending with the night
Or tis like the tints of an evening sky
And soft as the breathing of sorrows sigh

E. F. P.

t
while
ys of a smile

blue
dew

me's rapid pinions
thy album
of heart

A Friend

gh

Marr

In this town, on Sunday ev
bott, Wm. Perkins to Mi
In Tisbury, Alphonso Luce

Dea

MARR

In this town on Thursd
Coffin Esq. James B. C
Coffin
Same evening, by the s
Edgartown to Miss Marga
In Newport, on Sunday l
of Providence, to Miss Nan
Mr Sylvanus Pratt, of New

Marri

In this town on Thursda
Filmore, Harvey Smith, fo
to Miss Love Swain, of thi
In N. Bedford, Joseph Se
daughter of I. H. Bartlett.
In Falmouth, Justus Davis
In Hanover, Lewis Holm
Lydia E. Cushing.
In Falmouth, Sylvanus Ma
In Eastham, Zephaniah He
nah A. Dill.

Deat

Marriages.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr Abbott, Wm. R. Perkins to Miss Eliza P. Swain.
In Tisbury, Alphonso Luce to Miss Jane Mayhew.

Deaths.

MARRIED.

In this town on Thursday evening last, by Wm. Coffin Esq. James B. Coffin to Miss Mary Coffin

Same evening, by the same, Thomas Smith of Edgartown to Miss Margaret C. Swain.

In Newport, on Sunday last, Mr. Loyd A. Waite, of Providence, to Miss Nancy, daughter of the late Mr Sylvanus Pratt, of Newport.

1837

Marriages.

In this town on Thursday evening last, by Rev. D. Filmore, Harvey Smith, formerly of West Barnstable, to Miss Love Swain, of this place.

In N. Bedford, Joseph Seabury to Miss Catherine C. daughter of I. H. Bartlett.

In Falmouth, Justus Davis to Miss Mary Ann Swift.

In Hanover, Lewis Holmes, of Edgartown, to Miss Lydia E. Cushing.

In Falmouth, Sylvanus Matthews to Miss Eliza Hedge.

In Eastham, Zephaniah Hosea of Boston, to Miss Hannah A. Dill.

Deaths.

1841

Perkins.—Mr. William R. Perkins, whose death we record this week, was a type of the fine old sturdy yeomanry of New England. He spent, with his wife, several years in California, where by industry and frugality he accumulated enough to return to Nantucket, and passed the remainder of his years in domestic quietude. But he was not to idle away his declining years, and so purchased a farm in Polpis, which he successfully managed until a few years ago, when impaired health induced him to relinquish the farm. As a town resident, he was interested in public concerns, taking a decided stand in favor of the prohibition question and woman suffrage, being a constant attendant at all meetings in their behalf. He was not prolific in words, but whatever he spoke was to the point. He gained the esteem of many friends who learned his sterling qualities of heart and mind, who may truthfully say of him that he was faithful to his convictions of right. He was 80 years old, and leaves a widow but no issue.

Bowman & Co.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Messrs. Editors:—

In Peoria, Ill., 5th ult., Mrs. Elizabeth Delano, widow of James Delano, of Fairhaven, and daughter of the late Stephen Fish of Nantucket.

She was a woman possessing high-souled integrity and rare gifts. An artist by nature, she used the pencil and brush with wonderful ability, never having had any instruction in the art of painting or drawing, and accomplishing the most beautiful work, even in the sunset of her life. She was a valued member of the Orthodox church, of Peoria, for upwards of forty years. She will be much missed by loving friends in Nantucket, as well as in the community where she so long resided. Cheerful and hopeful in life, her departure was like the going out of a bright star.

Entertainment.—A literary and